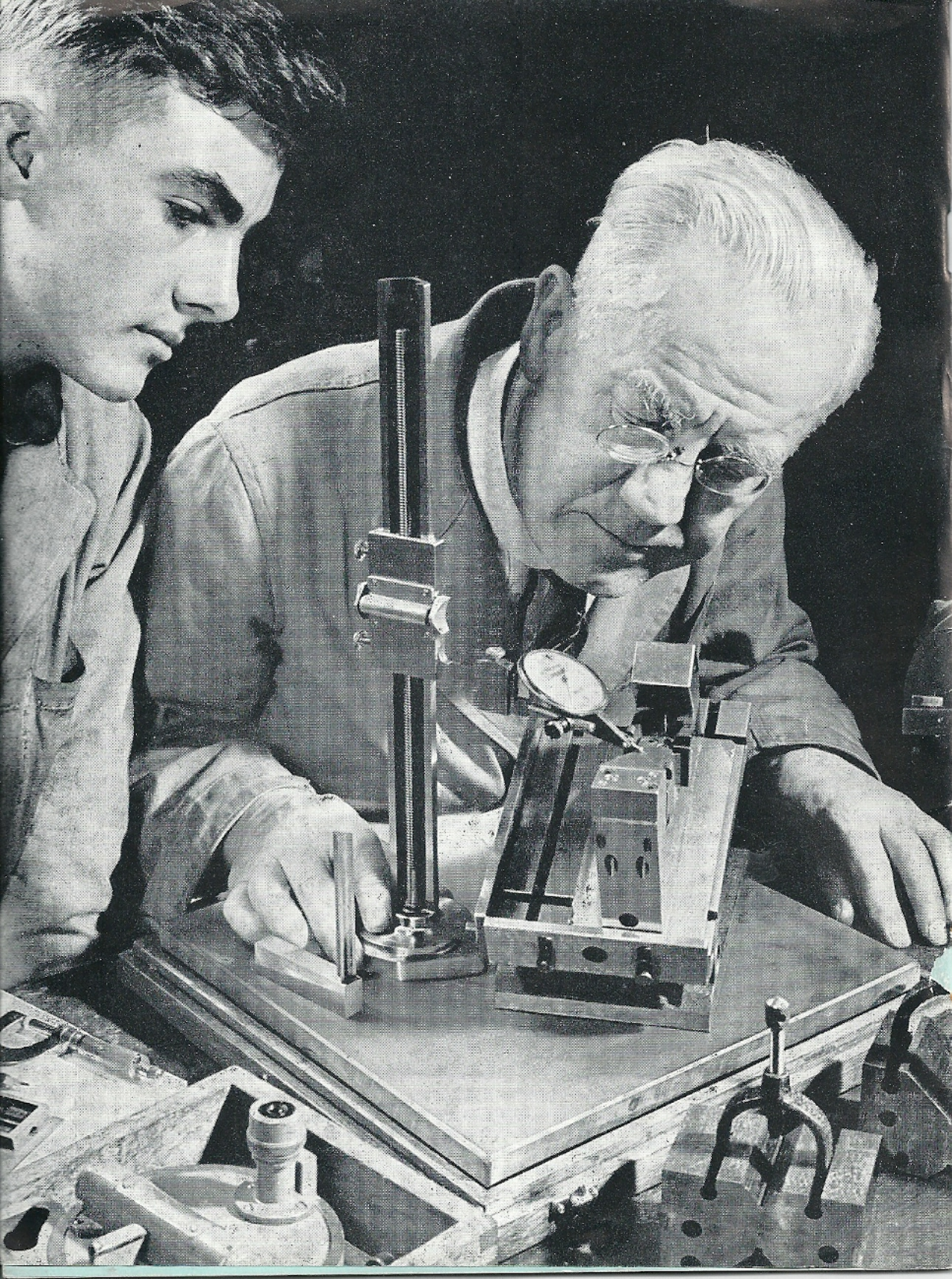


TO NE



WINTER 1958 · 3d



THE CHALLENGE OF THE FUTURE

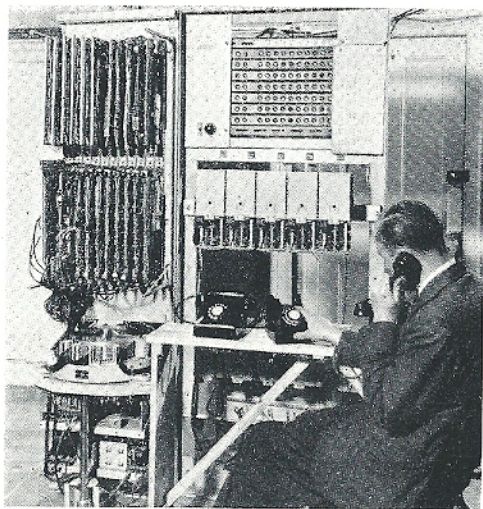
PICK UP ANY NEWSPAPER or professional journal, turn to the situations vacant section and what will you find? Column after column of urgent pleas on the part of employers for "fully qualified" and "trained" personnel. The list of jobs grows longer almost daily and the inducements offered grow more and more attractive. The response, however, grows smaller and smaller.

You don't have to be an Einstein to discover the reason for this unhappy state of affairs—not enough young people are being trained to fill the vacancies, because not enough training facilities exist. And the coming bulge in the number of school-leavers will only accentuate this difficulty.

Training for industry has become a national problem which is growing steadily. The position is already serious and, in another five years' time, it may well become acute. Shortages of skilled craftsmen, engineers and scientists can cost Great Britain her position as a world power. It is as grave as that. Educationalists and industrialists are, however, beginning to agree that the problem demands a planned solution on a national level. Every reasonable man and woman, particularly the parent, will hope that concerted action is taken before it is too late.

Now how does this affect employees of Automatic Telephone & Electric group of companies and the families of employees? A highly specialised industry, such as ours, is among the first to feel a shortage of professionally trained youngsters and the Company's aim is to make a contribution to any national plan.

As a nation, however, our technical resources are relatively small, so what we lack in quantity we must make up in terms of quality. We must ensure that we have the right sort of training schemes that will enable boys and girls to rise as far as their individual interests and abilities will take them, and it is up to the parents of young people to encourage their children to investigate the benefits of increased training.



With the increasing emphasis on electronics, engineering brains are in demand throughout our industry

ISSUE NUMBER 13 · WINTER 1958 · 3d

TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

★

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Mr. W. A. Turner, A.T.E.'s Education Manager

The man whose task it is to guide the destinies of some 450 young people who are currently under training in a variety of skilled trades and technical fields within the A.T.E. organisation is Mr. W. A. Turner, Manager Education, Training and Research who, employees will be interested to learn, was recently appointed by the Minister of Education as a member of the National Advisory Council on Education for Industry and Commerce on the nomination of the National Union of Manufacturers.

An outline of the educational and apprenticeship facilities existing within the Company was given to *Tone* by Mr. Turner during an interview. "Our objective," he said, "is to ensure that young people become well-trained, satisfied employees with jobs in which they are interested."

The Company is introducing indentured craft, technician and student apprenticeships and are also introducing pre-apprenticeship training whereby the boy who leaves school at the age of 15 is given a good, planned introduction into industry before he starts his full apprenticeship. "This is, in our opinion, better than taking the boy on as a messenger for 12 months with the ultimate promise of an apprenticeship," said Mr. Turner.

The programme for craft and technician apprentices starts each September. Twenty boys were taken into each group and they will receive a

planned induction course at the Childwall Hall County College, a facility provided by Liverpool Education Authority. Mr. Turner maintains that for any industrial training scheme to be a success it must be integrated with the local education authority and the above scheme is an example of the right type of co-operation.

Craft and technician apprentices will serve a five-year apprenticeship and they will be encouraged to follow approved academic courses so that, on completion of their apprenticeships, the successful youngsters will have the right basic, practical experience and academic knowledge to equip them for a post in production, engineering and allied activities. Additional encouragements may consist of the Company paying college fees, financial merit awards and special Company prizes.

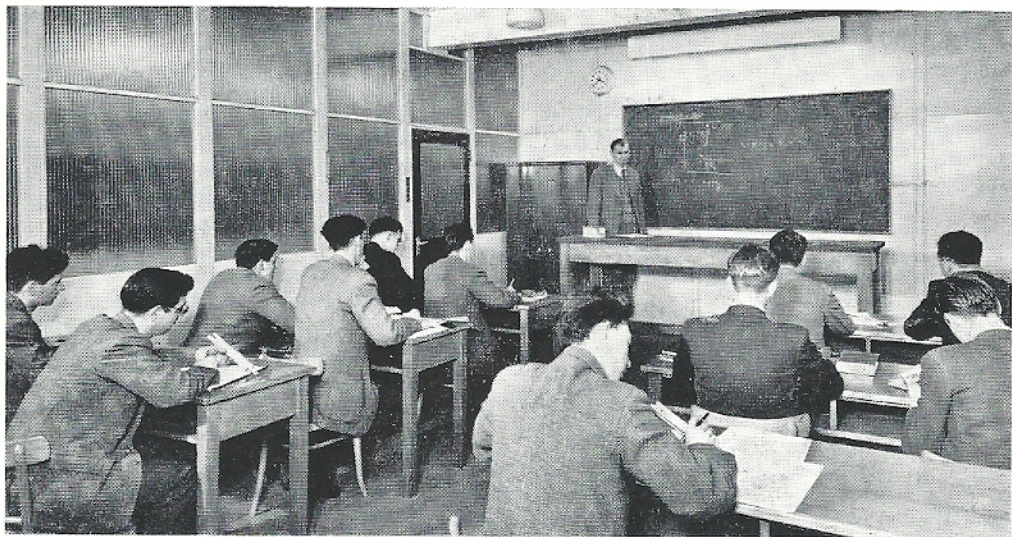
The student apprenticeship scheme has been in operation since January, 1957. This is designed for young people who are capable of obtaining a good university degree or a qualification such as the new Diploma in Technology. Student apprentices, therefore, can attend, at the Company's expense, full-time university courses or sandwich courses at selected colleges of technology. They can become qualified scientists or engineers who will fill positions as mathematicians, physicists, electrical engineers, mechanical engineers, production engineers or research scientists with A.T.E.

All student apprentices are essentially Company employees. Both the parent and the student enter into an agreement with the Company for the student to remain with the A.T.E. for a minimum period after completion of training. At present, a boy may do his National Service before or after he has entered the course. This means that the age of entry to the sandwich course is anything from 18 to 21. The sandwich course is normally of four years' duration and the university course is five years.

Entry to student apprenticeships is open to boys with certain General Certificate of Education "A" level subjects or to boys who have achieved a very good Ordinary National Certificate in electrical engineering, mechanical engineering or physics.

The latter qualification therefore enables the craft or technician apprentice to become a student apprentice, and it enables older Company employees to take advantage of the new facilities which the Company is offering.

It is the Company's intention that practical training during apprenticeship shall be planned to suit the needs of the apprentice himself and that,



One of the new lecture-rooms in the Company's unique School of Electronics at Strowger Works, Liverpool

after apprenticeship, the mobility of the individual shall be maintained to enable the young journeyman, technician, engineer or scientist to broaden his or her knowledge and experience within the organisation and provide a foundation from which future executives and other managerial appointments can be made.

Although, at present, the commercial activities of the Company are not embraced, it is hoped that similar schemes in the commercial field will become available.

Mr. Turner went on to explain that after completion of an apprenticeship, a young engineer or scientist has acquired mental discipline and fundamental knowledge enabling him to think but he is still without that detailed and specialised knowledge necessary if he is to become a member of a department and make the fullest contribution to the work of that department.

The A.T.E. School of Electronics is a unique establishment, organised on lines similar to a technical college or university. Training in the fully equipped laboratories and workshop is on a full-time basis and tuition is given in small groups. Courses are designed for people holding University Degrees, Higher National Certificates and certain selective City and Guilds Certificates. Short courses last four months, long ones an academic year.

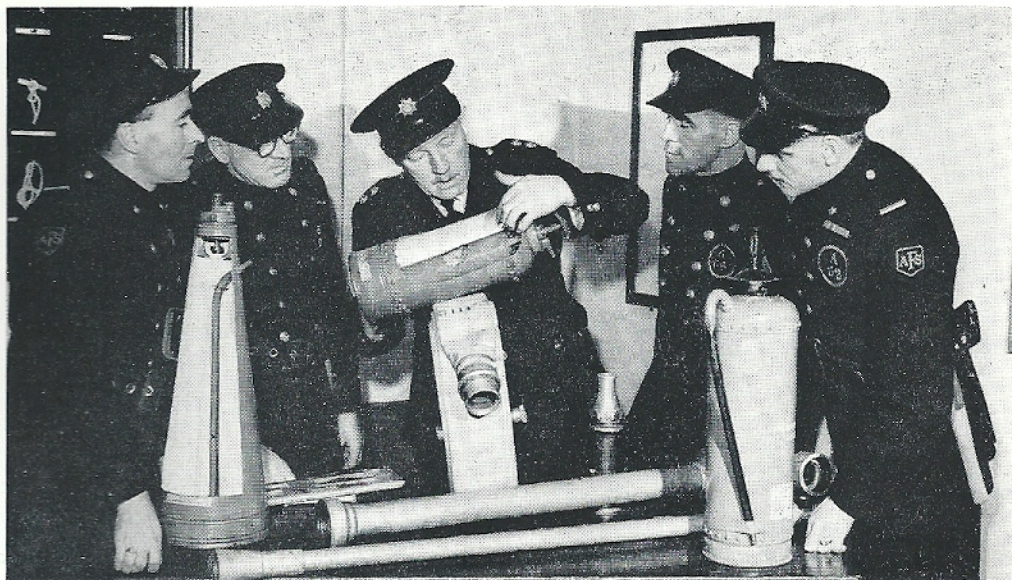
When a student has completed the course of

study assigned to him he is given a position in one of the many engineering branches within the organisation, the choice being dependent on the opportunities existing at the time and on his abilities. Personal preferences receive every consideration. Students in the school are rated and paid as members of the Company's permanent staff and they enjoy all associated privileges.

It is equally true that the skilled worker and technician must also acquire a considerable amount of specialised knowledge. He, too, requires specialist training to equip him for his work. This type of training is very different from that undertaken by the School of Electronics, however, and is normally done in a company training school. Such a school does not exist, but it is hoped to establish, as soon as possible, a fully-equipped training school.

The Company has its own graduate training system and it is also a sponsor company in the Group Graduate Training Scheme in which B.T.R. and B.I.C.C. participate. These schemes provide the means whereby the graduate is given an opportunity for obtaining practical and theoretical experience in the other companies of the Group.

To put the whole question of training as simply as possible: we must make the fullest use of our technical and scientific resources to the best advantage of both the Company and the employee.



Four auxiliary firemen from Strowger Works at a lecture held in the Belvidere Road Station, Liverpool

When the bells go down

WHEN WALTER METCALFE sits down to his Christmas dinner this year he will breathe a silent prayer . . . that the bell on the bedroom landing won't ring for at least an hour. That bell constitutes the difference between sitting behind a plate of turkey and the wheel of a 40 horse-power fire engine. And Walter has had more than his share of missed meals during ten years' service as a part-time fireman.

Number 1646 Leading Fireman Metcalfe, an estimator in Department 821, Technical Costs, Strowger Works, is a "retained" member of Lancashire County Fire Brigade, based at Huyton, near Liverpool. The closest thing to a regular fireman, a retained man is on call each night and every night after his normal work ends. An alarm bell in Walter's home in St. James Road, Huyton, summons him to the station the moment a night or week-end call is received. Full-time fire-fighters man the first appliance to leave (they live adjacent to the station) and Walter and other retained men follow immediately.

Walter is probably the only retained fireman in the whole of A.T.E.'s Liverpool organisation,

although there are several other male employees, and at least one woman, who serve the community as auxiliary fire-fighters under the general auspices of the Civil Defence Corps. Auxiliary firemen and firewomen devote only one or two nights a week to the task, but more about them later.

An ex-Home Guard officer attached to the Strowger Works unit, Walter Metcalfe joined the Lancashire force, one of the biggest single brigades in the country, in November, 1948. Why? "I like the comradeship, I like learning something fresh and I like earning a little extra in an exciting manner."

There is certainly no lack of thrills in fire-fighting. Walter's unit was called in to assist the Bootle brigade with the big fifty-pump blaze at Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, and he also attended the great fire which destroyed the liner *Empress of Canada*. On an average, he is called out three or four times a week, but there have been occasions when the Huyton brigade has responded eight times in one day. Late March and early April are the busiest period. It is then that dead and drying grass will act as fuel to many fires. One third of the

country's fire cover is provided by retained personnel.

As a driver, Walter gets more than his fair share of excitement. When the "bells go down" he knows that lives and property may well depend on his ability to save seconds in getting to the scene. There isn't a single street or track in the whole of his district that Leading Fireman Metcalfe doesn't know how to reach. He must also be able to approach the fire spot from the right direction (to locate hydrants and water points) and with the minimum of traffic interference. Generally, other road users are considerate and make way for the hurrying appliances, but the following advice is worth repeating: if you are driving and hear a fire bell, pull well over to your left, slow down and stop if necessary. Remember, also, that there is usually more than one appliance in the vicinity.

Part-time firemen undergo precisely the same training as their regular colleagues. Recruits, who must be in good physical condition and between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one, are trained in all aspects of first-aid. They are expected to reach bronze medallion standard in this aspect of their work. A fireman's first duty, you see, is to save life: fighting fires is of secondary importance.

A departmental colleague of Walter Metcalfe and a fellow fire-fighter is Bob Jones, an auxiliary member of Liverpool Fire Service based on Belvidere Road Station. Bob joined the A.F.S. in 1938 while living in London and was one of the recruits in the Company's war-time fire service. He is the only auxiliary fireman in Liverpool holding the Queen's Coronation Medal.

As a leading fireman (a high rank for an auxiliary), Bob is in charge of a crew and it is up to him to allocate duties. All auxiliaries receive the same training and each man is capable of tackling any, or all, of the duties (except that of driver). A few of the special subjects which they can learn during their weekly three-hour training sessions include the chemistry of combustion, resuscitation, building design, rescue and breathing apparatus operation. A fireman becomes, in fact, a jack of all trades to master one.

Auxiliaries, such as Bob Jones and other Strowger Works employees like Ted Harris (Department 89), Bernard Hughes (Department 41), Jack Flagg (Department 06) and Vera Jevons (Department 652), wear similar uniforms to the full and part-time personnel. Their equipment is standard and their objective is the same: to save



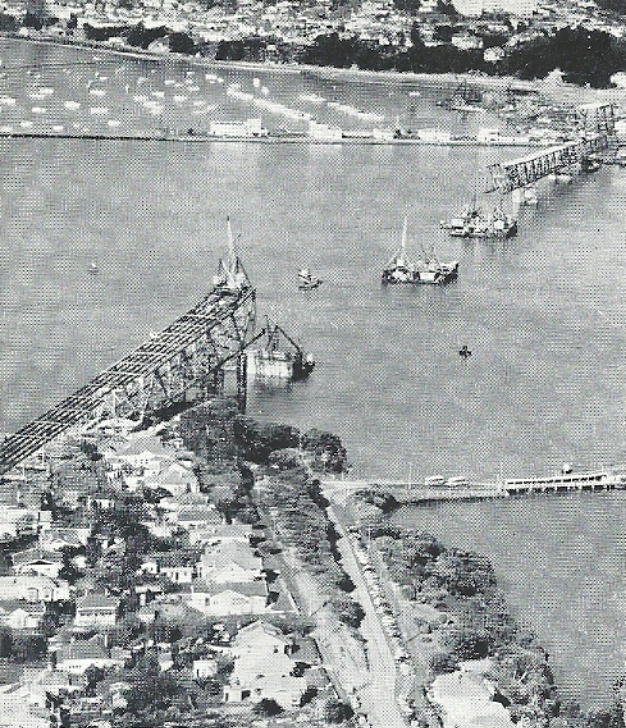
Leading Fireman Metcalfe at the wheel of an engine

life. They receive only their travelling expenses and a small subsistence allowance. Their service is supplementary to the existing full-time network. Auxiliary vehicles are Civil Defence green, not traditional red.

Throughout the country there are something like one hundred and fifty fire brigades. The service they provide is free, unstinted and absolutely unbeatable. Firemen are the only highly-organised, mobile body of men available for instant action in almost every part of the land. Their field of operations includes the sea and the air. It is disturbing, therefore, to learn that these men and women are plagued by so many malicious false alarms. In urban areas, four out of every ten fire calls received are false.

For the very reason that they are so highly organised, firemen are often called upon to perform unusual tasks such as rescuing children jammed in railings, retrieving cats from trees, pumping out cellars and even washing petrol off city streets. Every fireman has a tale to tell about out-of-the-rut calls like these.

The significant thing, however, is that the fire service never fail their suppliants. So don't fail *them*. Guard against fire!



The Auckland Harbour Bridge quickly taking shape

NEW ZEALANDERS at work . . .

JUST as the Queensway Tunnel under the River Mersey between Liverpool and Birkenhead has influenced the economic and social life of this area, so will the new giant bridge across the Waitemata Harbour affect the future development of Auckland, New Zealand. Equipment manufactured by A.T.E. plays a very important part in the smooth operation of the local tunnel and Liverpool-built apparatus will also help the ambitious £6,000,000 undertaking on the other side of the world.

The Auckland Bridge scheme is now well under way. Two long metal arms are reaching out from either side of the huge harbour. When they join, the bridge will be 3,348 feet in length, provide four traffic lanes and embrace approximately five miles of new highway. Completion date is scheduled for next June.

The Auckland Bridge Authority are tackling the scheme with tremendous enthusiasm and they are determined to make the undertaking one of the most efficient in the world. Immediately after his appointment, the chief executive officer on the scheme made a global tour of inspection of bridges and tunnels in other countries. From the information he gathered and the report he made, it was apparent that A.T.E. could be of great assistance in supplying much of the specialised equipment.

A. T. & E. (New Zealand) obtained a contract for the supply of all fire and break-down telephones, all administration and operational telephones, a complete time control system, all toll registration equipment, all mobile radio on service vehicles, together with other ancillary equipment.

Most of the equipment A.T.E. could supply from Liverpool, but the toll registration apparatus had to be specially developed. Briefly, toll registration equipment consists of a scheme whereby all vehicles passing through the toll collection booths are detected and the number of axles are registered. Every toll collector is provided with a vehicle classification button box which he must operate for each transaction.

All of these transactions, along with the axles counted and interlocked with a time and date stamp, are recorded by a printing mechanism. This means an infallible check is kept on all monetary transactions.

The equipment has been designed and is being built in A.T.E. (New Zealand) Limited's workshop in Auckland. The whole system of toll collecting has been streamlined to enable travellers to continue their journeys with the minimum of delays throughout the full twenty-four hours of each day. It is expected to take only four to six seconds for each toll to be collected.

Telephones will be situated at frequent intervals along the bridge. This will enable vehicle owners who have broken down or run out of petrol to telephone for assistance. The service vehicles, which patrol the bridge, will carry oil, water and petrol supplies and will be fitted with mobile radio.

The entire Auckland Harbour Bridge scheme is a traffic facility for the use of the public. The bridge is to be financed on the principle that the user will pay and there will be no levies on the local taxpayer. Considerable time will be saved on trans-harbour journeys 142 feet above the surface of the water and time saved is money saved, as most people will agree.

ASKED TO REVEAL his most exciting experience, the man who has witnessed four armed revolutions thought for a moment and replied: "Watching a bull being thrown by the tail." This strange practice, he explained, is a popular and highly dangerous sport followed by many young blades in Venezuela. The idea is to turn a fighting bull loose in the narrow streets of a crowded village, chase the animal either on foot or on horseback, seize his tail and throw him off balance. You can imagine the consequences for yourself!

Mr. Charles Miles, A.T.E.'s chief installer in Venezuela, who returned to Strowger Works, Liverpool, during a recent leave, told us about the "sport" and showed us many of the photographs he had taken during the last two years he has spent in the country. Mr. Miles, whose home is in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, is one of the Company's veteran installers. He has no fewer than 31 years' experience on this aspect of our business and has spent thirteen years abroad, largely in the West Indies, Brazil and Venezuela. He speaks both Spanish and Portuguese.

During his service in South America, Mr. Miles has seen four revolutions take place. Political in origin, the disturbances prove frightening enough to natives and Europeans alike, with tanks and armed men skirmishing in the streets and outbreaks of shooting throughout the day and night. Mr. Miles emphasised that visitors have to be very careful not to become embroiled in these internal disturbances and strict observation of curfews and martial law is necessary.

Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited have thirteen or fourteen men based in Venezuela, mainly in Caracas. They are engaged on installing Liverpool-built M.A.X. and P.A.B.X. equipment under the auspices of the state administration, in places like Boleita and Chacao. We have put in five thousand lines in Boleita and three thousand at Chacao.

Living in a sun-drenched, prosperous and romantic-sounding city such as Caracas certainly sounds intriguing to people who are tied daily to either a desk or a work-bench, but life in these spots can have its drawbacks.

The economy of Venezuela is based largely on oil and this has meant the rapid accumulation of wealth in the past decade and an ever-increasing cost of living. How would you fancy paying the equivalent of ten shillings for either a cinema seat or a haircut? Or something like sixty pounds a



Charles Miles pictured in the interior at Angel Falls

SOUTH AMERICANS ... at play

month for a small unfurnished apartment? A Sunday afternoon seat at the local arena to watch a bull-fight will set you back six pounds—and seats in the shade are dearer still. Apart from a few exceptions, such as cigarettes at normal prices and petrol at only eightpence a gallon, these are some of the inflated prices prevailing in Caracas.

Charles Miles, a married man with a family who remain in this country, spends most of his free time at his hobby, photography. On public holidays or seasonal vacations, he may take a pearl fishing trip to Margarita or an expedition into the interior as far as the famous Angel Falls.

Sounds very pleasant, doesn't it? But to Charles Miles, and probably to ninety per cent of our overseas staff, the attractions of these far-away places are rather superficial. "Give me good old England every time," he says. And he means it.

HEAVE-HO FOR HEALTH

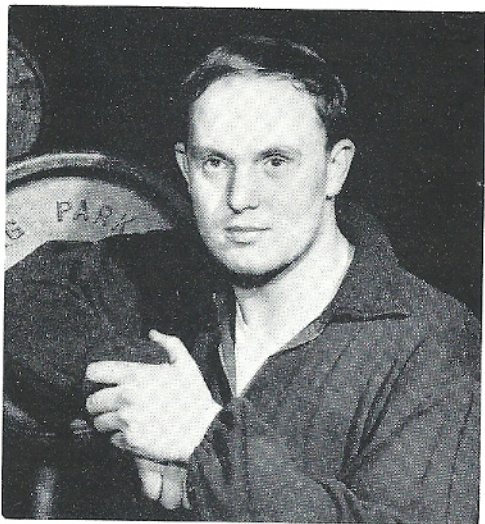
WALK DOWN Patterdale Road, Liverpool, most winter evenings and your blood may be chilled by grunts and groans from one of the houses. But if you overcome first instincts to take to your heels and venture to peep through a particular gate, you will probably see Jack Greenbank and his friend struggling to lift enormous weighted iron bars above their heads.

Jack, who is a planner in Department 472, Strowger Works, is a weight-trainer. Now don't get confused and call him a weight-lifter. There is a big difference. A weight-lifter tests his skill with the heaviest loads possible, while a weight-trainer is more concerned with body-building and concentrates on methods of lifting various weights to develop individual muscles.

It was the Army which, indirectly, turned Jack Greenbank's interest to weight-training. Originally he was a keen gymnast and spent a good deal of his time in training at Balfour Institute, Smithdown Road. But the building was taken over by the Services in 1940 and Jack was robbed of his hobby. It was at this stage that he joined the famous Rock Barbell Club. Two or three nights a week, he would go down to the club and grunt his way through the evenings, staggering at first, under heavy loads.

The popular idea that muscle-men just struggle with weights generally and wait for the body-beautiful to take shape is, of course, a fallacy. There is nothing haphazard about this form of exercise. Each muscle is developed individually and it is important that this should be done in the right order. It is useless, for instance, to spend the first part of an evening exercising biceps and then find that your arms are incapable of doing weight exercises designed to improve chest muscles.

Good, regular weight-training gets rid of superfluous fat and tones up the muscles. But what process is at work? First exercises for any muscles are always short, fast ones repeated an increasing



Tommy Smith, a member of the Garston Club

number of times. This initial, quick movement steps up the pulse rate and sends blood flowing faster through the body. With the constant exercise, tissues are broken down, receive new blood and multiply into new, fresh tissues.

The discouraging word to any A.T.E. Adonis who might decide, in the spring, to beautify his body for that first summer outing at the bathing pool, is *Don't*. There is no short cut in this game and you won't reach Mr. Universe standard in three months. It will probably be several years before you are approaching that standard.

Keep at it two or three nights a week and you may begin to show a marked development at the end of a year or two. But if you have your eye on the world title, you will have to be prepared to devote six or seven hours of practice every day.

But what real effect does all this strenuous exercise have? It does not necessarily mean a bulging chest and bristling muscles pushing their way through a jacket. "The ideal is a well-proportioned body," says Jack. "This doesn't mean that there are standard measurements. People tend to develop differently and it takes some time and experimenting for a beginner to discover the best way for him personally. But apart from developing the body, weight-training can take people to the peak of health and physical fitness. After a spell without training you tend to become rather seedy and feel the need for its peppering-up effects."

Now a married man with a home to care for, Jack can't find time for regular training at a club, so he and his friend are keeping in line with the popular do-it-yourself trend and they are practising in their home surroundings. "We are trying to keep it up two evenings a week," he says, "in all kinds of weather."

But meet another A.T.E. strong-man, who is now concentrating on becoming a weight-lifter. Tommy Smith, who is a toolmaker in Department 01, Strowger Works, was, at one time, a champion swimmer. He held the Liverpool and District free-style title.

Three years ago, Tommy went down with rheumatic fever and was banned from running and sport of any kind for at least two years. Twelve months ago, when he started taking up his old activities again, he found that he had put on too much flesh to enter competitive swimming. He began weight-training to get his body back into shape. But, after a few months, he became interested in weight-lifting and started to try his strength. His interest grew and now weight-lifting occupies much of his leisure time, leaving only a little for swimming. He plays water polo for an Everton club.

A member of Garston Weight-Lifting Club, Tommy recently received a proficiency certificate signed by Reg Parks, the present Mr. Universe. Twenty-year-old Tommy, who weighs just under

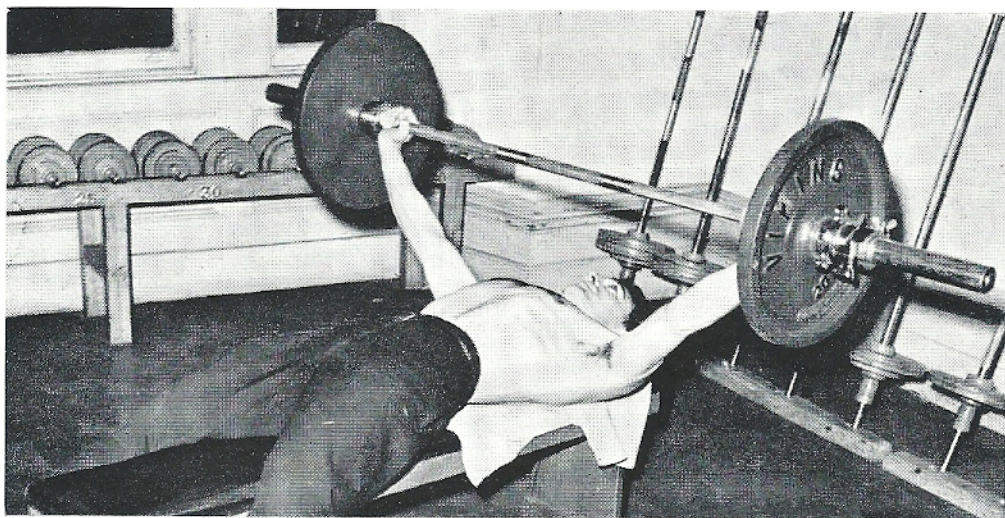
fourteen stone, is in the mid-heavyweight class and can, at the moment, lift 480 pounds. His class record is 720 pounds. "It will take about five years to build up to form," he says. And he trains six nights a week!

But Jack and Tommy are only two A.T.E. employees who spend their free time lifting weights. There are several others. Weight-training, in particular, is a popular method of keeping fit for any sport and many footballers, boxers and amateur athletes get a great deal of help from this kind of exercise.

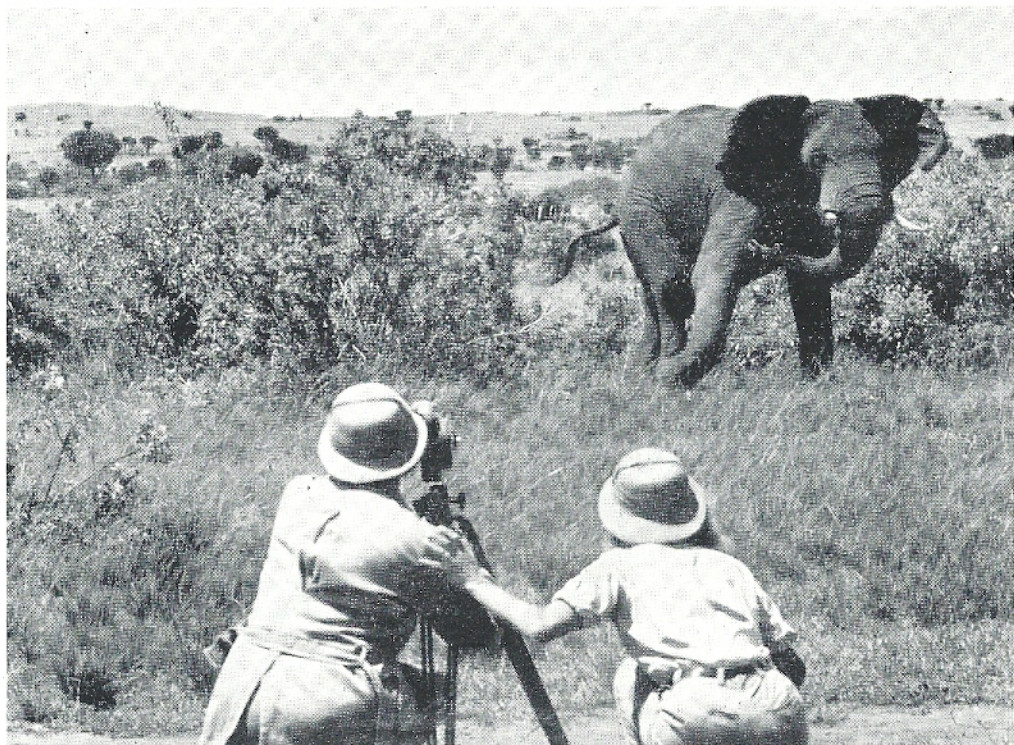
And don't believe that it is an all-male pastime. There are many women enthusiasts, including beauty queens, actresses, singers and shop, factory and office girls who keep their figures in trim this way.

Maybe you are interested in keeping fit with weights? If you buy your own weights, initial equipment will cost you about £5. Present-day prices are between a shilling and one and three-pence a pound. Many weight-trainers and lifters evolve their own systems of training, but it is essential, at first, to have expert tuition, which can be obtained at a number of Merseyside clubs.

A final warning: if you choose to take up weight-lifting, don't go all out to beat the world record in the first month. A 25-year-old record-holder succeeded in lifting 2,700 lbs. . . . and died shortly afterwards!



Jack Greenbank of Department 472 demonstrates a weight-training exercise while lying on a bench at a club



Elephants have the right of way, discovered the writer of the accompanying article. Here's one claiming the right

Danger!

ELEPHANTS

A HOLIDAY in the tropics! What wonderful pictures the imagination conjures up with those few words . . . amethyst seas, waving palms and warm, white sands where one can laze to heart's content under a benign sun. My husband and I had a different kind of tropical holiday in mind, however.

We were stationed in Uganda for a short while, in the town of Kampala, and we decided to take a few days' leave and see what we could of the western province of the Protectorate.

Westwards from Kampala, transportation of timber, tea, coffee and cotton has to be undertaken by road. Due to unusually heavy traffic, surfaces

leave a lot to be desired. There is no tarmac and, during the heavy rains, the roads are churned into seas of mud, after which the sun bakes them brick hard, leaving large potholes with a carpet of fine red dust inches thick. Taking these hazards into consideration, we inspected our small Ford and decided she would not let us down.

We travelled in a south-westerly direction, crossing the equator about 20 miles from Kampala into the lion country of the Masaka district and onwards to Kabale where the scenery is similar to that of England—rich, springy grass, the air cool, clear and invigorating. Across the mountains, over 8,000 feet high, for a day's tour of the eastern strip of the Belgian Congo, passing through Prince Albert National Park, then down to Lake Kivu, a well-known beauty spot, before returning over the mountains, through darkness, mist—and baboons—to Kabale, where we arrived just in time to prevent a search party setting out to look for us.



Greta Bolton, the author, of A.T.E. (East Africa) Ltd

We left Kabale with the intention of joining the road to Fort Portal. Unfortunately, I was map reader and, taking more interest in the scenery than the map, I missed a turning.

About three hours late we arrived at our hotel, situated on top of a sheer cliff and overlooking the game reserve known as Princess Elizabeth National Park. The reserve is an enormous plain and, from the hotel, one can see the Mountains of the Moon (Ruwenzori Range) 80 miles away, shimmering in the afternoon heat. From 4 p.m. onwards, herds of game appear—buffalo, buck, giraffe and elephant, the latter making their way in Indian file with trunks to tails, occasionally stopping to tear some choice morsel from a tree before continuing their leisurely trek to the foot of our cliff.

Early morning found us crossing the Kasinga Channel by ferry into the Reserve proper. We decided to leave the main road in order to visit the village of Katwe, where we had been told we

would be able to view hippo and elephant at close range.

We passed through the village, which consisted of a few mud huts and, incongruously, a modern garage. Suddenly we were confronted with large signs warning us that "Elephants have right of way" and "Beware of elephants". My imagination was warming up, when—Crash!—I was shaken from my thoughts as my head and the windscreen came into violent contact.

As the stars receded, my husband announced a puncture. I climbed out of the car to find that, of all places in which one could have a puncture, ours had to be in the middle of an elephant track on the way to a nearby lake! The bush on either side of the road had been trampled down by the daily passage of many jumbos on their way to bathe. Panic reigned. Speechless with fright, I gesticulated at my husband trying to make him realise our dangerous position. We had no idea at what time the animals crossed the road. The wheel was changed just as we heard the trampling of vegetation in the distance.

About a mile from the scene of this mishap we came across another lake. There was a small rise to be climbed before reaching the water and, in the distance, we could see the heads of many hippo. I thought I would walk to the edge of the lake and take a photograph. So, picking up the camera, I started to climb the bank. As I reached the top I heard a roar and there—only a few feet away—was the largest hippo I had ever seen! He was looking straight at me and, from his actions, it was obvious that he did not take kindly to my sudden presence.

As he took a step towards me I accomplished an about-turn which would have delighted any sergeant-major and was back in the car within seconds, speechless with fright for the second time within the hour, and waving to my husband to start the engine. "Why?" I was asked. I pointed. There was no need for explanations as a large head appeared over the rise. A quick turn, a hurried getaway, and we were on our return journey to the main road.

Arriving back in Kampala, I reflected on our tropical holiday. I decided that, next time, I would visit the coast, some five hundred miles away, where, surely, I would not be bothered with elephants or hippo.

Give me those blue seas and palm trees every time!

A member of the T.A. for twenty-two years, **Leo Kelly**, Department 24B, Strowger Works, has received a special certificate for meritorious service to the Territorial Army from Lord Derby. A battery sergeant-major, Mr. Kelly serves with the Liverpool Irish Regiment.

* * *

Never late, plucky 17-year-old **Peter Lock**, Accounts Department, Strowger Works, rides to work through Liverpool's busy traffic on his tricycle. Peter, who has a spastic disability, is a keen member of the Boys' Brigade and won special commendation earlier in the year for cycling 150 miles through gales and floods to take part in the brigade's annual cycle rally.

* * *

Ernie Studley, Department 01, Strowger Works, is no gangster, but he has an interesting collection of guns. A gun enthusiast, Ernie started his

We'd like you to meet . . .

collection two years ago. His prize possession is a Davy Crockett-type muzzle-loader rifle which is more than 150 years old.

* * *

Five feet two inches tall and youngest member of A.T.M. Golf Club, 16-year-old **Colin Eaves**, Department 01, has been playing golf for almost four years. A founder of Bowring Park Junior Golf Club, Colin, who has played in several championships, recently won second place and holed-out in one from 146 yards.

* * *

George Woodward, a storekeeper in Plant Department, Strowger Works, is a spare time youth leader. For the past nine years he has helped to direct Earle Road Presbyterian Church Youth Club, Liverpool, which has sixty members. George devotes at least two evenings a week to organising activities for teenagers.

12



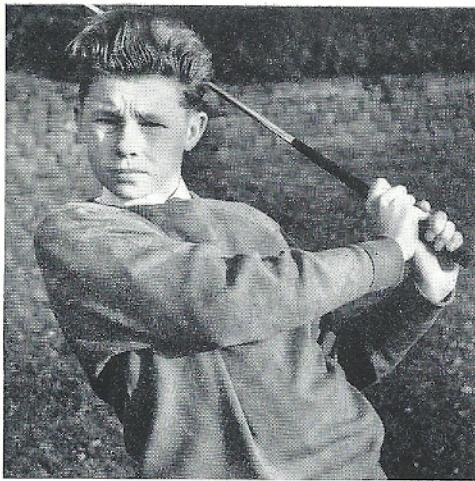
Leo Kelly—veteran Territorial



Peter Lock—plucky tricyclist



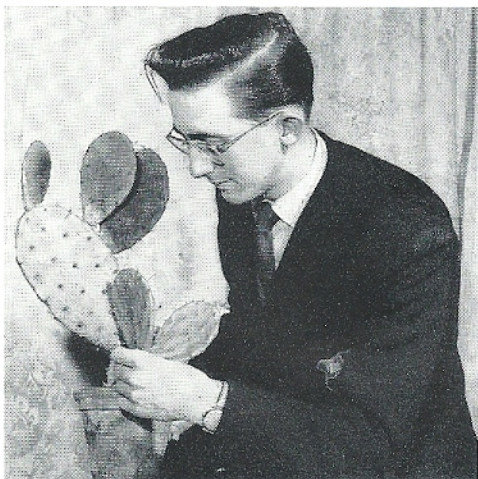
Ernie Studley—gun enthusiast



Colin Eaves—youngest golfer



Jim Barrow—camera expert



Maurice Williams—cacti grower

Jim Barrow, Transmission Division, Strowger Works, is an expert at repairing and renovating cameras. During the past nine years he estimates that he has repaired over one hundred cameras. He is also interested in 16 mm. movie making but confines this part of his hobby to "shooting" his family.

* * *

A draughtsman in the Drawing Office of A.T. & E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd., **Gordon Taggart**, is a promising young caricaturist and cartoonist. Not only is he proficient with pen and ink but he is also a skilled water colour exponent. He has been painting seriously since he was a schoolboy and has had art school training.

* * *

Apprentice draughtsman **Maurice Williams** in P.X. Division, Strowger Works, is a keen cacti collector. From small beginnings on a window-sill, to glass frame, his plants, comprising about fifty varieties, are now housed in their own greenhouse. Several have won prizes in local competitions.

* * *

Chosen from several hundred members of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, **Eric Phillips**, who works in the Tool Section, City Factory, appeared in the I.T.A. programme "Sunday Break". The programme, which is designed for youth and has a religious slant, featured stars such as Barbara Lyon and the Dill Jones Trio.

* * *

A Milton Road entrance messenger at Strowger Works, 15-year-old **Malcolm Gainer**, is very keen on his new hobby of collecting the colourful safety match cases manufactured in foreign countries. Prize piece so far is one from Russia.

* * *

Cyril Royles, Engineering Department, Strowger Works, is a man of many hobbies. A keen gardener, he produces first-rate roses and chrysanthemums, which brings in a second hobby, photography. He specialises in colour pictures, many of which feature his own flowers. Then, as a complete contrast, he is now building a miniature railway in the new T.T. guage.

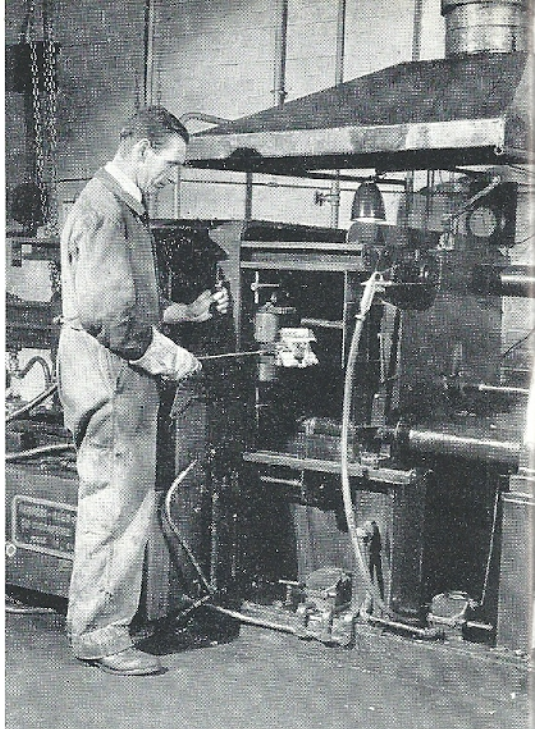
* * *

Foreman **William Nicholls**, Dept. 22/26, was a standard bearer at the British Legion Festival of Remembrance. He was one of only three representatives from the north-west.

Number twelve in a series

Portraits of an Industry

Throughout the run of this pictorial series, we have emphasised in the accompanying editorial space our organisation's belief in planning for the future. Elsewhere in this issue we detail some of the educational and apprenticeship facilities available to young people who are keen to make progress within the telecommunications industry. These opportunities for the further accumulation of scientific knowledge and the improvement of existing technical skills are the key to all our future activities. The improvements on earlier methods and the applications of new techniques have created an urgent need for an increase in professionally trained men: and this need is sure to grow. Enterprising employees will find within the framework of the A.T.E. organisation ample scope for increasing their abilities and they can depend on an interesting, satisfying and successful career ahead.



Die-casting machine operator in Department 97

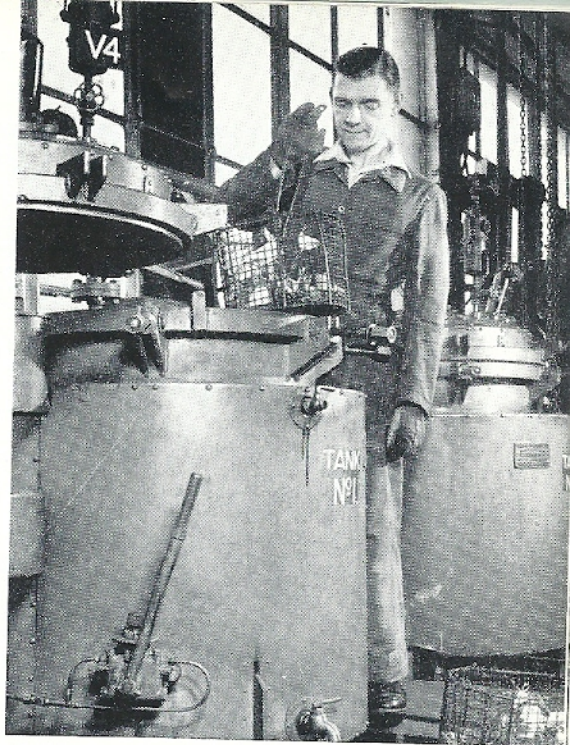
~~~~~  
*Comptometer operator in the Accounts Department*







*Part of the Shipping Section, Accounts Department*

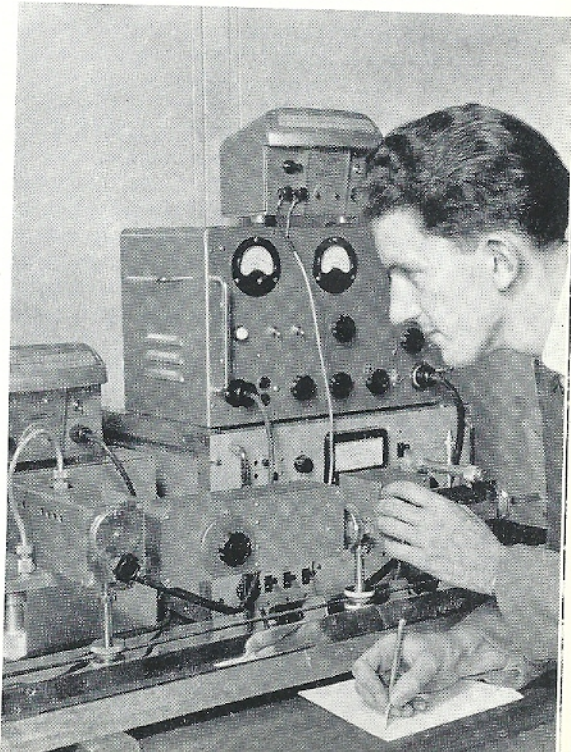


*Coil impregnation in Transmission Division*

*Typing in the General Office at Strowger Works*



*Wave-guide test equipment, School of Electronics*







.....

## What the butler *really* saw!

.....

**I**T'S ALL MALICIOUS LIES, you know. Butlers just don't marry little blonde tweenies, and they are horrified at the suggestion that they would ever stoop to peep through m'lady's keyhole. So forget about those seaside flicker photograph machines and we'll tell you what the butler really saw. Let John Wright be your guide to Life Below Stairs. John is ex-butler to an English landed gentleman and the former power-behind-the-throne in a stately hundred-room mansion. John is, in fact, a real-live Jeeves.

The splendid aroma of rich port and richer cigars was never farther from Fusilier J. Wright's mind one hot morning in 1943 as the Royal Inniskillings waited to attack a Japanese machine-gun nest. But that is the starting point of this story—the Arakan River and the sweaty jungle of the Burma campaign. Fusilier Wright and his

company were far behind enemy lines and their chances of survival weren't worth totting up.

The attack on the machine-gun post never materialised and John's company was scattered by artillery fire. He decided to try and regain British lines by swimming nine hundred yards across the treacherous Arakan. Before he was able to enter the water, however, he was shot in the back by a Japanese sniper. He swam the river all the same. The open wound he sustained cost him two and a half years in a score of hospitals.

An Army padre suggested to the young man who had joined the Forces straight from school that as he was only fit for light work he might like to go into service. Why not, indeed? It sounded rather intriguing . . . and a certain titled landowner, with an immense estate in Northern Ireland, was looking for domestic help. John was selected from twenty-five other applicants and began work for his lordship as . . . a boots!

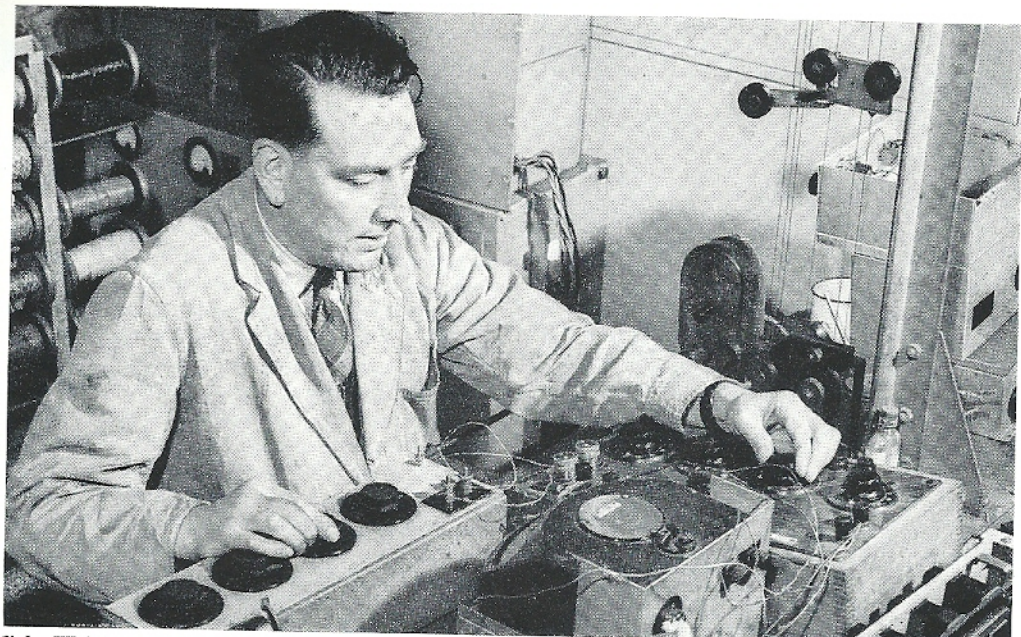
Now a boots (or hall boy) is the lowest form of life in the strict social scale that exists below stairs—even to this day—in British country residences. But there is no other way to start in service, so John was told. Philosophically, he set about polishing boots and silverware for at least three hours a day. He must have been proficient with the spoons and candelabra—and with the boots and dishes, too—because promotion came rapidly.

His lordship was obviously impressed by John's naturally dignified bearing, appearance and manner and the ex-soldier was made butler-valet. This meant goodbye to green baize aprons for the regulation bow-tie and tails. John was granted—by virtue of his position—absolute authority over an army of footmen, grooms, chauffeurs, gardeners, chambermaids, cooks and lesser mortals in the servants' hall.

A butler's word is law in all stately homes. He wields as much—if not more—power than his master. A frosty glance from him is enough to make a 'tween-stairs maid tremble and his whispered word to a footman is as good as a Royal command.

John Wright secretly began to enjoy himself—carving condescendingly for the other servants one moment and discreetly doling out peach melba to a succession of duchesses the next. No social occasions and no individuals are allowed to disturb the calm of English butlers. Bohemian artists with tatty beads receive the same quiet courtesy as dowager marchionesses. But that doesn't mean





*John Wright, the ex-butler pictured on our front cover, at his bench in Transmission Division, Strowger Works*

that a butler can't have his own private thoughts about the holes in guests' socks and other things . . .

Looking back, John Wright finds it all very amusing. "And you do tend to play it up a bit, you know," he told us. In what ways? "Well, solemn face, slow walk and mouth-full-of-prunes sort of voice . . . all that sort of thing," he answered. "His lordship's guests seemed to lap it up anyway."

We asked John about embarrassing moments. The question sparked off a flash of the butler's former dignity. He drew himself up, took a deep breath and replied firmly and fruitily: "A butler does not have embarrassing moments, sir." No asparagus on the bishop's gaiters, spilled soup or anything like that? No, of course not! But John *did* permit himself a slow smile at the memory of an aristocratic lady who insisted on being served with the parson's nose at a formal dinner. Naturally John served it *without* a smile.

Loyalty and discretion are sterling qualities in any man and a good butler is the epitome of both. John has the greatest respect for his former employers (we cannot name them, unfortunately) and he will hear or say nothing disrespectful about

them or their affairs. A good butler sees everything and says little. That is the secret of the profession.

Six years ago, John Wright, a bachelor, left his employment in the luxury mansion as he wanted a change and came to work for A.T.E. as a cable-maker and wireman in Department 76, Model Shop, Transmission Division, Strowger Works. Bit of a difference? "It was rather a startling change, sir."

He chuckles at the thought of what his colleagues are going to say to him after they read this.

But you don't mind that, do you, Jeeves . . . er . . . sorry, John?

"No, sir. Not at all, sir."

Carry on, John.

## TWO CHANGES

Mr. A. J. Muskett, secretary of the Sports and Social Organisation, retires at the end of this month. His place on the editorial committee of the magazine has been taken by Mr. L. K. Brighthouse, Strowger Works. Mr. W. Titley, Strowger House, London, has also been appointed to the committee.

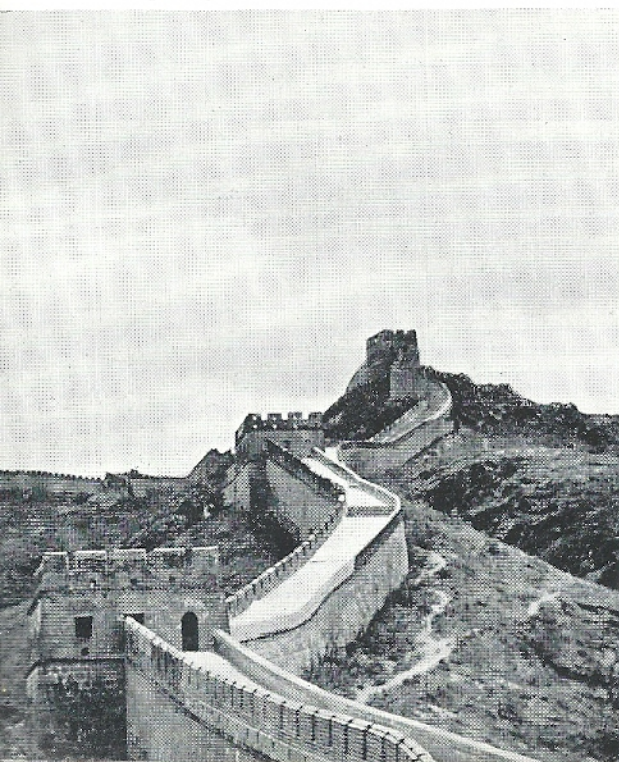


# Sparrows green tea and



*The 500-year-old pavilion which housed the exhibits*

*A part of the 1400-mile long Great Wall of China*



IT'S NO JOKE to be in China when they have a campaign to eliminate sparrows. Mr. J. C. Ireland, manager of A.T.E.'s Systems Planning Group, went to Canton recently on his way to a joint A.T.E.-Marconi exhibition in Peking. He arrived in the city at the height of the bird-baiting season.

The sparrow is regarded as one of the country's greatest pests and it had been decreed by the Chinese Central Government that an attempt must be made to rid the country of the nuisance. Everybody who was able was expected to make as much noise as possible to prevent the birds from roosting. For three days, the noise of cymbal-beating, drum-banging and other weird sounds echoed non-stop throughout the city. This terrible cacophony made the birds fly around until they fell exhausted to the ground. They could then be despatched with sticks.

This is a good example of the way in which mass organisation in China is both practical and effective.

From hot, humid Canton, Mr. Ireland, with four associates from Marconi, flew North 1,200 miles to the more pleasant climate of Peking. The flight was made in a Russian Ilyushin 14 airliner, unpressurised and slow by modern standards. The overflow of luggage was stacked along the gangway between the seats and a pigtailed stewardess picked her way carefully among the masses of suitcases to serve green tea to the passengers. However, the flight was comfortable and uneventful and the landing impeccable.

On arrival at Peking the party quickly settled in at their hotel, which was excellent. A choice between European and Chinese food was possible, so, after some preliminary training with chopsticks, the visitors alternated between the two.

The joint stand at the exhibition was situated in a pavilion of the Old Imperial Pleasure Garden known as Coal Park. This park is reputed to derive its name from an early emperor, who, foreseeing the likelihood of a winter siege, amassed a great hill of coal within the city walls. The siege did not take place, however, and the coal remained to form part of the landscape.

With the help of a cheerful body of carpenters,



# rrows, and ice lollies

painters, display artists and electricians, the stand was soon erected. The exhibition hall was prepared and the equipment unpacked. On attempting to arrange insurance, they were informed that fire and damage could be covered but not theft as there was no theft in China. This rather astonishing statement was justified later. One of the visitors inadvertently paid a 3 Yuan taxi fare with a 5 Yuan note. The taxi driver discovered the error later and hastened to the man's hotel to repay the money.

The most interesting mode of travel in Peking is trolleybus. It is a splendid means of observing the people, who are happy, good-humoured and courteous. An unusual feature of this form of travel is that the conductor offers his passengers cartoon books to read and cups of hot water to drink. Hot water in China is the staple refresher and a good substitute for green tea, which is costly. How different to the transport services in this country! The younger generation prefer drinking orangeade and sucking ice lollies, which are cheap and wholesome.

In Peking, all children over the age of six become members of an organisation whose aim it is to keep them out of mischief when they are not in school. The acute shortage of teachers in China makes education difficult and most schools are run on a two-shift basis. In their spare time, children are kept busy cultivating plants in parks and sweeping up leaves. Other children shout through home-made megaphones to passengers alighting from buses instructing them to keep the streets tidy and to hand used tickets to the conductor. And everybody seems to obey!

The historic monuments situated around Peking are well worth visiting, reports Mr. Ireland. To see the Great Wall of China, the Tombs of the Ming Emperors, the Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven and the Forbidden City are experiences not to be forgotten.

The British party came away from China impressed by the spirit of the people and their apparent determination to bring their country forward industrially.



*A "guardian" at the tombs of the Ming Emperors*

*The entrance to the Ming Tombs outside Peking city*







*A signwriter alters the trade mark on the large hoarding in Milton Road near the entrance to the factory*

## *Had you noticed?*

**N**OTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT about the outside back cover of the previous edition of this magazine? No? Well look at the back page of *this* issue, which is similar, and you'll see what we mean.

The circular monogram with the letters A.T.M. has been changed and the letters within the design are now A.T.E. This is in keeping with the organisation's policy of changing over, gradually, to a trade mark employing the initial letters of the Company title.

Most employees will know that the original title of this Company was Automatic Telephone Manufacturing Company Limited. The circled letters A.T.M. date back to then. In 1936, in view of widening activities, the Company changed its name to Automatic Telephone & Electric Co Ltd. after a short period as Automatic Electric Co Ltd. From then on, the letters, A.T.E. began to be used.

The adoption of these letters as a new trade mark was reviewed from time to time, but it was felt that action was not then opportune in view of the goodwill which had been invested in the trade mark A.T.M. by years of extensive use.

Build up of use of the letters A.T.E. continued in post-war years. They were introduced pro-

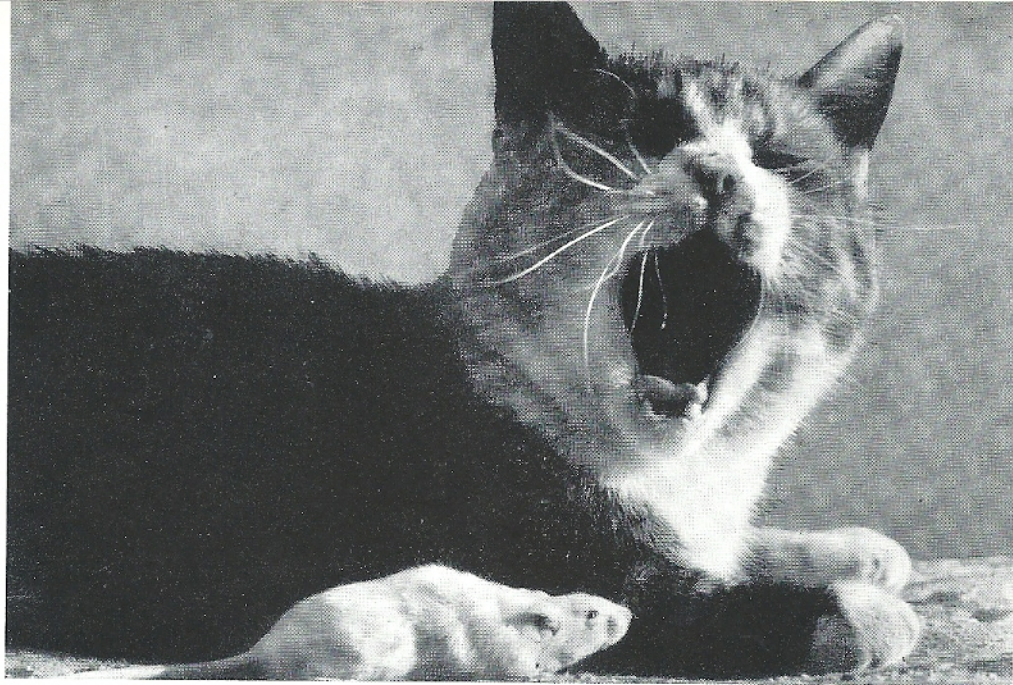
gressively in titles of suitable technical articles and publications covering Company products. One of the most obvious changes, perhaps, was the switch in 1953 from *Strowger Journal* to *A.T.E. Journal*.

The qualifications and conditions relating to trade marks are complex and registration of a new mark or design can become a lengthy business. Those concerned in overseas territories, where different patent, copyright and trade mark laws may exist, have to be consulted. In addition, it is obvious that existing stocks of manufactured parts and stationery must be used up and not wasted.

Conveniently, the new A.T.E. mark follows the general style of its predecessor. At the moment, however, the words "Regd. Trade Mark" must *not* be used with this design. Henceforth, the double-ringed A.T.E. (or to a lesser degree, the plain letters) will appear progressively on all products and literature of the A.T.E. Group.

Finally, it is emphasised that all matters relating to either the presentation or use of the new mark—or any other Company trade name—is the special concern of the Patent Department at Strowger Works, Liverpool. Remember, if in any doubt, consult the Patent Department.





*"Life gets tedious waiting for mice to appear. No mouse dare come near me," says Wilberforce the brave*

## *A tale of two kitties*

**H**ERE'S an intriguing little mystery. What has happened to the cats that at one time were so popular in the Liverpool factories of the A.T.E. organisation? The feline supernumerary is a thing of the past, it is believed. Pussy seems to have been pensioned off.

Obviously, managements of large industrial undertakings do not concern themselves with the activities of cats, but, in many extensive manufacturing establishments, the humble moggy has a part to play, and they are tolerated at least.

Two or three years ago, Strowger Works was reputed to have more than a dozen toms and tabbies on the unofficial pay-roll. And a good job they did, mainly at night, in keeping down rats, mice and other pests which tend to roam in obscure corners of storerooms, packing sheds and the quieter and more remote departments.

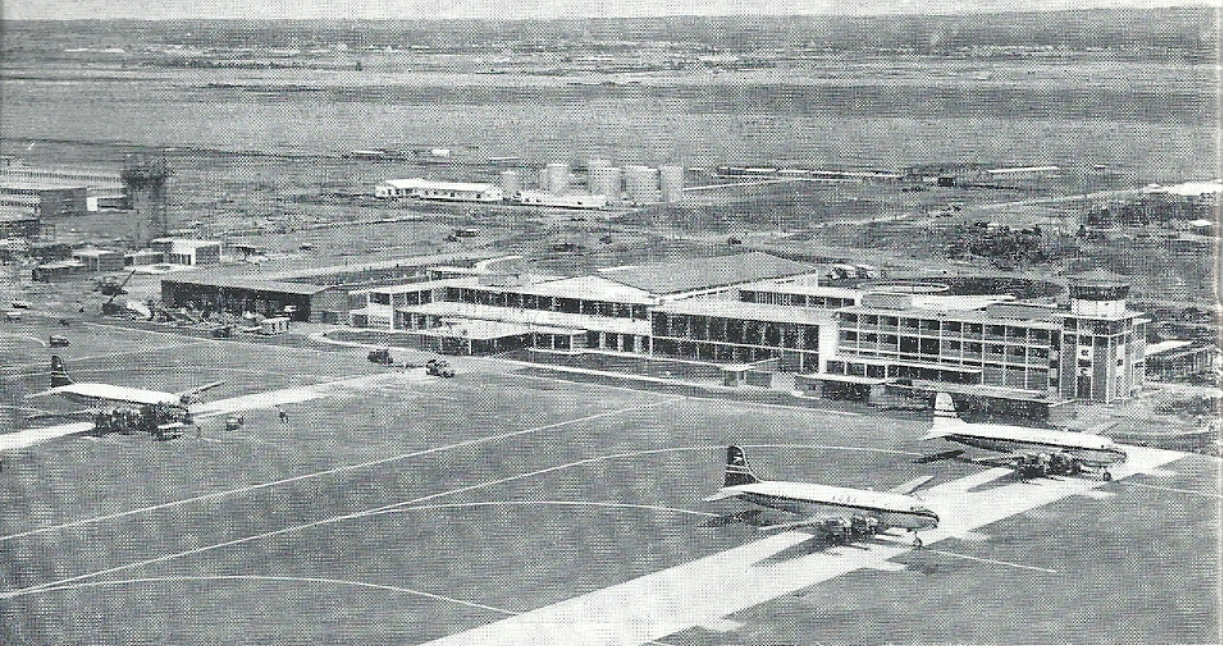
In recent years, however, with widespread alterations to buildings, construction of new accommodation and the tremendous improvement in the standards of hygiene and housekeeping, pest control is a thing of the past. Cats have become redundant. It is claimed, however, that one or two well-trained factory pets still patrol A.T.E.

premises. They are reputed to be cared for by members of different factory and office departments, who are believed to bring in daily rations of milk and food.

It is no easy task to locate a cat during daylight in any part of Strowger Works' twenty-three acres. They are obviously frightened off by the volume of traffic, noise and activity in and around the many departments. At night, however, the patrolmen and timekeepers still see feline prowlers. How many are visitors from neighbouring houses and how many are "employees" it is difficult to estimate. A quick check around the Edge Lane factory revealed only two habitual visitors, Blackie and Wilberforce. Blackie is cared for by the canteen staff, who keep him odd scraps, and Wilberforce cadges odd morsels in and around Department 75. Repeated attempts to "lose" Wilberforce have failed.

At City Factory and other Liverpool branch factories, most people have seen cats in and around the premises, but nobody seems to know who looks after them. City Factory's "official" cat died only a short time ago. She is estimated to have had something like forty kittens and kind-hearted employees found homes for nearly every one of them.





*Nairobi's fine, new airport has a Liverpool-built 600-line exchange, installed six months ahead of schedule*

**BUSY  
LINES**  
★  
**PLACES AND EVENTS**

**T**HE decision to open Nairobi's new airport six months ahead of schedule meant rapid work and many headaches for A.T.E. staff who helped to install 600 lines there, but the job was completed in time and our men were able to relax along with the thousands who attended the opening ceremony. The picture above has just been received.

★ ★ ★

Forty-five years ago, A.T.E. installed its first automatic telephone exchange in Argentina, in the city of Cordoba. We have continued to send out equipment over the years and we recently forged another link in the chain of friendly relations by

22

supplying 3,600 lines for the city of Posadas, capital of the Province of Misiones. The Governor, the city's mayor and the local bishop, made the first calls.

★ ★ ★

The new Type 54 traffic controller, which "estimates" traffic conditions and automatically makes corresponding variations to the durations of signals given to vehicles, was one of the highlights of the A.T.E. stand at the exhibition held in conjunction with the recent conference of the Association of Public Lighting Engineers.

★ ★ ★

Recent visitors to Strowger Works have included Mr. Ken Thompson, M.P. for Walton (Liverpool) and Assistant Postmaster General, and Alderman Harry Livermore, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. The visitors toured factory departments and chatted with employees.

★ ★ ★

A.T.E. drivers have good safety records—not only in this country. The winner of Sydney Junior Chamber of Commerce's recent road safety award was Mr. Alexander Barta, a "new Australian" with A.T.E.





*An A.T.E. installer checks on the Nairobi equipment*



*A "close call" for the Lord and Lady Mayoress*

Four valuable orders for radio channelling equipment have been received by A.T.E. The orders were placed by the Yugoslav authorities, Canadian National Telegraphs, the Royal Air Force and the United States Air Force.

\* \* \*

The latest type of Strowger P.A.B.X., which can be extended to 1,200 lines, will be installed at South Ruislip, Middlesex, headquarters station for both the Third Air Force and Seventh Air Division of the United States Air Force in Britain. The exchange will provide automatic internal communications as well as direct access to the public exchange, from the same dial telephones.

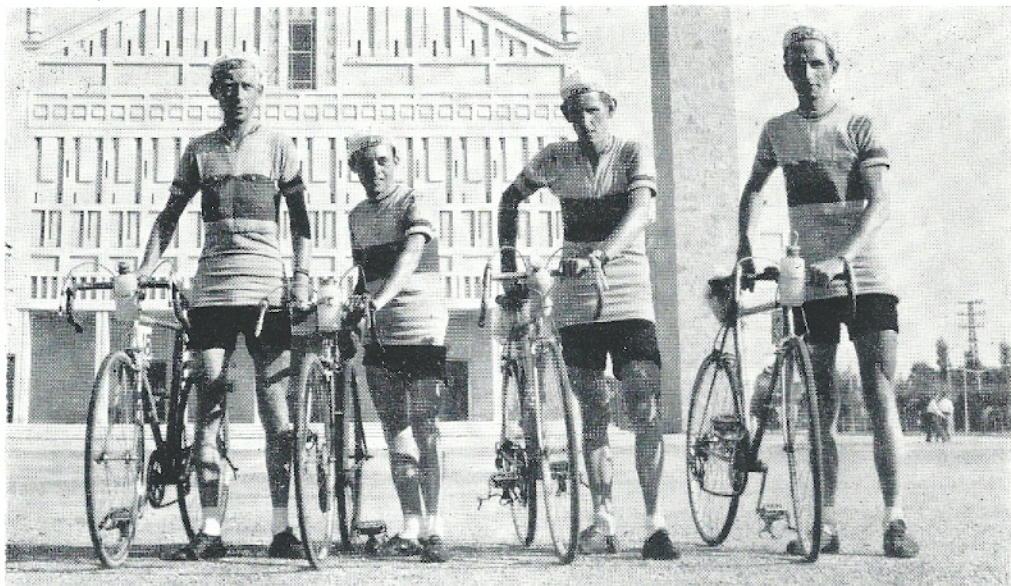
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A new sub-miniature cold cathode triode, known as the Type XC23, is now on the market. It is manufactured by Hivac Limited, a member of the A.T.E. Group and the company that gave Britain a notable "first" in the field of electronics by introducing the miniature and sub-miniature valve, now used by manufacturers in many parts of the world.



*The Assistant Postmaster General at Strowger Works chats with a girl on telephone dial assembly*





*The all-conquering Liverpool team after the big race in Italy. Don Penman is pictured third from the left*

## Victory in **ITALY**

.....

**I**N THE DEPTHS of December, the thought of Italy means sunshine, high blue skies, haunting Neapolitan love songs, and, perhaps, spaghetti. But mention Italy to Don Penman, a bankwiper in Department 24, Strowger Works, and you will send him off to his cycle shed to check on tyres, brakes and steering. You will bring back to him memories of many sweltering, leg-wearying days spent with three team-mates cycling along hundreds of dusty roads.

It was at the beginning of January that Don and three of his cycling friends began to plan their 1958 holiday. In search of adventure, they decided to tour the Continent. But when they heard about a 15-day team trial event around Italy in August, plain, straightforward touring then seemed rather tame.

Dates were fixed, and after obtaining the necessary leave extension, the quartet sent off their entry forms and set about serious training. None of them

dreamed, when they entered almost on the spur of the moment, that they would be bringing back to England with them after their holiday, a very special souvenir.

Throughout the early part of the year Don shot off each week-end on his Aussie Hurlen cycle to race at events in which his club, the Phoenix, was taking part. Although most of the races were local, Don had generally clocked up about a hundred miles by the time he got back to his Knotty Ash home on a Sunday evening.

In the middle of July, saddlebags and rucksacks were filled and the cyclists set off for their first destination—Paris. But the thrill and gaiety of the world's most romantic city was not the real attraction for Don and his friends. It wasn't just coincidence that they were there when the great cycle race, the Tour de France, found its way back to the finishing line in Paris.

Leaving the French capital, the team headed south, speeding along wide autoroutes or meandering from city to city and village to village, spending nights at youth hostels. Their journey brought them eventually to the formidable Alpine route. As they climbed the mountain roads the boys felt that nothing the Italian course could offer them



would be more difficult. They looked forward to speeding down and gliding along the Italian plains below . . . but it didn't happen quite that way. Most of the roads were being re-surfaced and the descent was very uncomfortable.

Milan was the starting point of the race—the 5th Giro Cicloturistico d'Italia. As the boys set off on the course, which was to take them over 1,350 miles of Italian soil, they knew that they would be judged on speed, regularity, discipline and general performance.

Lining up with Don and his friends were about 80 other keen cyclists in thirteen teams representing six European countries. There was only one other English team.

Heads down and pointing south, the competitors left Milan on August 10th bound for Pisa. An average day consisted of about six hours' hard cycling and cut ninety miles off the distance. The organisers, with their continental appreciation of good eating, made sure that racing would not interfere with the important business of refreshment. The boys knew no hastily grabbed ham roll and sip of water. At the appointed time and place the whole event would be held up for lunch, a leisurely meal consisting of several courses with good Italian wine and coffee. But as soon as the effects of the meal had worn off, the pedals started turning again.

A visit to Castel Gandolfo was one of the highlights of the tour and the competitors were given

an audience with the late Pope Pius XII. Breaks like this made the event quite different from other races, but Don and his team were determined to keep their minds on their business and they were anxious to complete the distance. They cycled on past Naples, without a chance to see the beautiful bay, and, after following the coast for several hundred miles, they turned their machines inland and raced on across Italy's "ankle". Soon they were heading back for Milan. Keeping up a steady pace, they pedalled their way up the Adriatic coast, passing through hundreds of towns and villages. After fourteen days' hard riding, they wound their way back to the finish in Milan.

Tense and exhausted, with all the trials finished, they waited for the result. No one could be sure who had won because there were so many judging items to be taken into consideration. But weariness was forgotten when they heard that their team had won first place. This made the first win of its kind for a British team.

The boys lingered in Italy just long enough to be presented with a sizeable silver cup and individual medals before they abandoned their cycles and boarded a plane for home.

But the story doesn't end there. A large British manufacturing firm were so impressed with the team's performance that they offered to pay their racing expenses for next year's trial. Concerned about their amateur status, the boys have not yet decided whether to make the return trip.



*Competitors in audience with the late Pope Pius XII*



*The British captain receives the trophy in Milan*





*Left to right : Charles Fardoe, Bob Owens, Eric Houghton, Harry Smith, Harry Brown and Harry Barton.*



LET'S GO

## GOLFING!

**T**HERE are probably more jokes about golf than any other game under the sun—perhaps because devotees take their game so seriously. The story that appealed to us most, however, is alleged to concern a member of the A.T.M. Club who was so keen on the sport that he never missed a single day at his home course, Bowring Park.

One day his partner was astonished when this arch-enthusiast paused in mid-stroke, doffed his cap and bowed his head as a funeral cortege passed the links. "First time I've seen anything take your mind off the game, old man," said the partner. "Sorry," replied the enthusiast, "It's the wife."

Yes, the members of the A.T.M. Club are a pretty keen bunch and, despite the handicap of having no course of their own, it is fairly commonplace to find a couple of dozen members playing on the municipal green near Whitfield, Roby Road,

Roby, every Saturday and Sunday. This out of some forty or fifty playing members.

The club has been in existence for more than thirty years and is one of the oldest organisations affiliated to the Lancashire Golf Union. Membership is open to any male A.T.E. employee over the age of sixteen. There was a ladies' section at one time, but it failed through lack of support.

Golf is an all-the-year-round game, but, for the purposes of club activity, A.T.M. members call a halt to their season (but not their games) around about November. This year, the man who has swept the trophy board is Ken Pratt, of Department 662. Ken won the club championships and the Tay-mel Trophy and, together with John Howell, of Stopgate Lane, the Burch Trophy. John pocketed the Captain's Prize, so, between them, these two have had quite a successful year. The club also have two "bumper" medals for annual competition, the Ostline and the Redfern.

The annual social is held in November at Whitfield, headquarters of the Sports and Social Organisation, to which the golfers are affiliated. There is no nineteenth hole at Bowring, so visiting players are entertained here, too. The A.T.M. Club play two needle games every year with members of the English Electric Club (so far, our





The captain (left) and an opponent during a match

Left: A party of A.T.M. Golf Club members pictured at Bowring Park during a recent winter competition

men have had the edge) and visits to "foreign" courses, such as Hawkstone Park, are arranged as part of the members' annual outing.

Although they are keen, the A.T.M. members believe in being informal and friendly. You don't have to be a Bobby Locke to gain admission. Anybody can become a member on payment of fifteen shillings annual subscription and the return of two scorecards. All members are allotted a handicap, with a maximum of 24.

The club president is the Chairman of the Company, Sir Thomas Eades, and the vice-presidents include Messrs. A. F. Bennett, A. Bell, J. A. Mason, C. E. Beale, G. C. Hague, J. C. Wrighton, W. S. Vick, W. J. Jolly, H. W. Barrett and W. A. Phillips. The last-named is believed to be the oldest member of the club.

Club captain is Harry Brown, of Department 331 (Organisation and Routines), John Okill, of Department 662 (Circuit Design) is secretary, and Jim Whitehead, of Department 37/97 is treasurer.

There is no need to extol the virtues of golf to those who already follow it. Enthusiasts are surprised, indeed, to learn that there is any other game. But, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we would point out that there are few pastimes to rival "the royal and ancient" for lasting attraction, improving health and downright interest. Try it and see!



First, second and third

## THE WINNERS

RESULTS of the knitting competition announced in the previous issue of *Tone* are as follows:

First Prize (£10): Alma I. George, Production Office, 473, Strowger Works; second prize (£5): Lilian Fleming, Department 27, Strowger Works; and third prize (£2.10s.): Catherine Connelly, Department 474, Strowger Works.

Mrs. George, a comptometer operator submitted a blue sweater, worked beautifully in two-ply wool in a most intricate pattern. Another blue sweater, this one decorated with hundreds of tiny glass beads, took second place and the third award was won with a baby's coat in white wool.

Consolation prizes go to Mrs. Sarah Croft, Department 94, Brenda Higgins, Department 669, and Mrs. Jean Mawdsley, Department 52, all of Strowger Works.

The competition judges, Miss E. Lawrenson and Miss A. Saul, knitting experts in a well-known Liverpool store said that the standard was high and the quality of the work submitted left little to be desired.

From a competition point of view, the number of entries received was disappointing. A remarkable fact is that all the entrants are based at Strowger Works.





*Mr. and Mrs. Marchant still have the actual hats they wore on their wedding day sixty-seven years ago*

## *Sixty years after*

OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO, a broad-shouldered, handsome young man stood and watched a girl walk from a Nottinghamshire church. Although this was Bill Marchant's first glimpse of the petite farmer's daughter, he turned to his companion and said: "That is my wife-to-be." Seven years ago they celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary and they are still living happily together at 56 Church Road, Stanley, Liverpool.

Mr. Marchant is the oldest and one of A.T.E.'s sprightliest pensioners. He retired when he was eighty and, now, at the age of ninety, feels he could still do a good day's work at Edge Lane where he worked for twenty-five years.

Why did he work on so long? "I just couldn't face being idle", was Mr. Marchant's typical comment. Activity has been the main theme of his life. Born in the lovely community of Ottery St. Mary, in Devon, he opened his own grocery business, following in the footsteps of his parents, in Hucknall Huthwaite, Notts. This was when he was still a young man and only a short time before he first saw his lovely wife, who is now eighty-eight, walking down the hill from the country church.

A forthright and adventurous young man, he soon became known for his then-unusual methods

of attracting customers. With posters and special notices offering bargains and free gifts he was using methods which have since become part of every business. On one occasion he offered a gold watch as a free gift with a special line of goods! That was in the 1890s.

Soon after their marriage the couple settled in Ottery St. Mary where Mr. Marchant took over his father's business and commenced to waken the quiet old town with his startling advertising. This, unfortunately, came to an end at the outbreak of World War I, when he went off to serve with the Ambulance Corps. His wife, who took to business routine with a keenness and dexterity which would have amazed her family on the sleepy Nottingham farm, worked hard to keep the business going in spite of rationing. But eventually she had to close.

Soon after Mr. Marchant's return from the war, he and his wife settled in Liverpool. and Mr. Marchant later joined A.T.E. and worked on to be one of the Company's oldest employees.

Always an active man, Mr. Marchant, who claims that his grandfather served in Nelson's flagship *Victory*, was a great sportsman in his younger days and was a crack shot with a rifle. All his life he has noted important events in verse, and these days he still spares a few hours to note the passing of events in rhyme.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchant, who have fourteen grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren, still live alone in the house that has been their home for many years.





Sheila Pealing issues a pair of new shoes from her store on board the training ship *Eaglet* in Salthouse Dock

## Shipmates ashore

**S**HEILA PEALING'S hobby may not always add up to a life on the ocean wave, but it is the next best thing to it. Sheila, who works in Publicity Department, St. Vincent St., is, in her spare time, a member of the Women's Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. With its district headquarters in H.M.S. *Eaglet*, which is berthed permanently at Salthouse Dock, the W.R.N.V.R. has in its ranks about 150 girls from Merseyside.

What attracts the girls? The uniform? The thrill of sailing? The search for adventure? Or the dream, perhaps, of meeting bronzed sailors? None of these things aroused Sheila's interest in the first place. Looking for something to fill a gap in her leisure time, she made a snap decision and accepted the invitation of a recruiting poster.

Recruits undergo a thorough medical examination, which includes an X-ray. If they are accepted, they are issued with full kit and start as Ordinary Wrens.

Once a week, the girls report for duty on board *Eaglet*. Each new Wren is put into a working category according to taste and abilities. Sections are varied and give scope to girls interested in radar, wireless telegraphy, catering and so forth.

"I was given a chance to join the Clothing and Victualling Section," says Sheila. "My job involves issuing uniforms and kit and taking care

of the clerical work connected with the stores."

To make sure that recruits know what they are in for, part of early training is to spend a week-end aboard ship. "We were given elementary knowledge of essentials such as watches, ships' bells, and how many gold bands on an admiral's sleeve. We studied the geography of ships and learned nautical terms."

One evening each week and an occasional week-end are periods far too short to learn everything, and work in the sections entails a certain amount of study in off-duty hours. Wrens also go through an intensive course each year at a fortnight's naval camp. Towards the end of the course the girls take promotion tests and, if they are successful, they set their feet on higher rungs of the companionway. In August, Sheila spent two weeks at Chatham, and qualified as an A.B. Now in her second year's service, her next step up will be Leading Wren.

"Discipline is strict," she says, "and there is quite a lot of spit and polish. Inspections are frequent and thorough." Recent modifications to their uniform have been made in the way of stockings, which are now black 30-denier nylons, and a new cuban-heel type shoe with which the girls may wear sheerer stockings. Off-duty facilities include dancing, fencing and swimming.

Many an old salt must shudder at the thought of women learning the tricks of his trade. But the Navy has other ideas. The girls in the W.R.N.V.S. receive first-rate training and their service is invaluable.





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